

THE WILD WILD WOMEN ARE MAKING A WILD MAN OF ME

BY
HENRY LEWIS
AL. WILSON
AL. PIANTADOSI

HENRY LEWIS'
SMASHING WINTER GARDEN HIT
in the SHUBERT'S Production
"Doing Our Bit"



THE WILD WILD WOMEN

Words by
AL. WILSON

(Are Making A Wild Man Of Me)

Music by
AL. PIANTADOSI

INTRO.
Moderato



Vamp

There's some-thing the mat - ter with me, Yes,
It seems that I've al - ways been wild, Yes,

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line is marked 'Vamp' and 'p' (piano). It consists of a continuous eighth-note chordal pattern in the right hand and a simpler eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

some-thing's the mat - ter with me. Friends that I meet — say I'm ail - ing,
ev - en when I was a child. I was just wild — a-bout my nurse,

The piano accompaniment continues with the same 'Vamp' pattern, providing harmonic support for the vocal melody.

Ev - en my own — fam - i - ly, My doc - tor said, Boy — take a
As I grew up — I got worse, Now I know just what's — wrong with

The piano accompaniment continues with the same 'Vamp' pattern, supporting the vocal melody.

rest" But take it from me, I knew best.
me It's plain, just as plain — as can be.

The piano accompaniment continues with the same 'Vamp' pattern, supporting the vocal melody.

CHORUS (Not fast)

It's the wild, wild wo-men, The wild, wild wo-men, Are mak-ing a wild - man of me. — My par-ents
 It's the wild, wild wo-men, The wild, wild wo-men, Are mak-ing a wild - man of me. — Each time I

raised me like a min-is-ter's son — And oh! the naugh-ty girls, just see what they've done. — Oh! the wild, wild
 vow that I am goin' to be-have — Some ba-by-doll just looks, and then I'm her slave. — Oh! the wild, wild

wo-men, The wild, wild wo-men, They've ta-ken ad-van - tage of me. — His-try tells us
 wo-men, The wild, wild wo-men, They've ta-ken ad-van - tage of me. — Dar-win he was

what they did to Mark An-tho-ny, Now, you can just i - mag - ine what will hap-pen to me, — Oh! the
 right a bout that fam-i - ly tree, All fe-ro - ci - ous chick-ens make a mon-key of me, — Oh! the

wild, wild wo-men, fe - ro - ci - ous wo-men, They're mak-ing a wild man of me. — Oh! the
 wild, wild wo-men, fe - ro - ci - ous wo-men, They're mak-ing a wild man of me. — Oh! the

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REFRAIN

Tell the last rose of sum-mer that I said "good-bye," Ere your breath with the

P-f

aut-umn grows cold, Soon, I'll leave with a sigh, and the rose too must

die, While the trees turn to crim-son and gold, Sum-mer

breeze kiss the rose, while it's warm blush still glows, and the sum-mer sun

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